

# CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1856.

NUMBER 43

**Christian Spiritualist,**  
PUBLISHED BY  
FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL  
KNOWLEDGE.  
No. 553 Broadway, New-York.  
Published every Saturday.  
Subscription price, Two Dollars per annum,  
in advance. Single Copies—Five Cents.  
For a change of address, send notice to the  
Editor, at the above address.  
Communications should be addressed  
to the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist,  
No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

**HARMONIUS.**  
The Christian Spiritualist.  
BY GUY WILKINSON.  
LONDON: Published by J. W. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, 1856.

It was a beautiful day in the pleasant spring time of the year. The sun shone brightly, and the birds were singing merrily. A young man, named Harmonius, was walking alone in a garden. He was a handsome youth, with dark hair and eyes, and a gentle smile. He was dressed in a simple, elegant suit, and he carried a book under his arm. He was looking down at the flowers at his feet, and he was thinking of the past. He had just finished reading a book, and he was now looking at the flowers, and he was thinking of the past.

When Harmonius ceased speaking, there was a deep silence among us, and all reflected upon what he had said. Next to me sat Vitalis, who seemed deeply moved, and who, as he looked towards Heaven, sighed heavily. "It is true," he began, "that many have left the firm land, to embark in the frail vessel. I, too, belong to the wandering. But why is the island so small on which fate has placed us? Why our desire for knowledge so great, that we cannot be satisfied with what we have? Why is it that we desire to penetrate into the lands beyond our life's limit? Wherefore are the most beautiful and most desirable objects imperceptibly veiled? Why must we remain ignorant of what is most worthy of our knowledge?"

"Thy wherefore," answered Harmonius, "I cannot answer, as I am not thy Creator, but only a child of His, as thou art. But is our desire for knowledge really too great for the limits of our life's island? Is this world too poor to give food for our Spirit, that we must seek another island?—O, you cannot have meant to say this. You are convinced as I am, that the world at present is too abundant in materials for our Spirits; that our sojourn here is too short, even for the enjoyment of its beauties, in the most fleeting manner. See, I number seventy years; and people call me an old man, and with these words, remind me of my approaching departure from them; but my Spirit is as yet undeveloped, my thirst unquenched. I learn daily and am still a learner in my seventieth year. Thou cannot number but twenty and some!"

The desire for knowledge can be indulged in here to an unlimited degree, and yet we cannot exhaust the abundance existing. But what thou callest desire for knowledge, I should call curiosity, and curiosity is an ill. She desires not to enjoy only to taste; not to investigate, only to flutter from unknown to unknown things! Curiosity is never satisfied, as the asthmatic cannot find air enough beneath the wide expanse of Heaven. Curiosity is a moral asthma.

"Thou hast now thrown thyself within a frail boat, hast sailed about, striving to discover the unknown land? What hast thou found? What knowest thou more now than thou didst on leaving the shore? Wouldst thou search for the true home of the Spirit; for the world from which the death moment parts us? O, my beloved, thou wouldst enjoy the magic of musical sounds, without their car attended for them, and wouldst gaze into Elysium without eyes."

for us, what we are to it. The world does not render us happy or unhappy, we make our world happy or otherwise. He that believes in virtue possesses it; he that believes not in a God, for him there is none. Since we can become the creators of our own world, so let us remain the creators of good.

"Then one of us asked, 'I have found but few persons who consider themselves altogether happy. Must I believe that they were not sufficiently virtuous and pure?'"

"I will not judge the hearts of mankind!" answered Harmonius; "the learner in the art of painting understands not the value of shade; he will either banish it altogether, or give too much. Even so with the half-developed being, he knows not the worth of privations. He will endure nothing. Neither is man so envious of the happiness of another, as of his means for the attainment of happiness. To every one's circumstances is given the equal right, and equal strength is given to form his resting-place soft or hard."

"But," said T, "even if every one possess equal right and equal strength, yet has not every one received an equal consideration, how to find the highest good. You know, Harmonius, how many theories of Happiness our Philosophers have written upon, and how they dispute their theories among themselves. Harmonius answered me: 'Whoever searches out of himself, for what can only be found within him, will always be seeking, and losing himself. We have all received one good teacher, we in Europe, and our brothers on the Indus and the Mississippi; this teacher is nature and her laws; and that being that lives within those laws, possesses peace; who seizes one of her laws, loses the rose, and feels but the thorn, and wounds himself. Pain is the best remedy for Error. Why does man invent remedies that render him unconscious toward the uses of pain? Those remedies are unnatural, and but cause deeper wounds. And so we lose ourselves still further from the paths of Nature, and accuse her in, place of accusing ourselves. We have invented a horde of systems and sciences that were not necessary to our happiness. Science has rendered mankind unhappy; but misery has brought forth science."

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with faith, it is different. It is not portioned out, and not received. It is a Spiritual flower, blooming out of the strength, the weakness and the wants of the soul. It is therefore different in all beings. Faith is a blossom of the soul, and by the blossom thou canst know the tree. Do not destroy with a rough touch this beautiful blossom, if it please thee not in another, for thou incurrst the danger of destroying the whole tree. But wouldst thou do good, give it a better soil, fitting food, ennoble the soul, and then it will ennoble its faith.

"But I," continued Harmonius, and he lifted up his hands through the moonbeams and blossoms, "but I believe in thee, unending, unknown, nameless one! I believe in the holy world of Spirits, where retribution and happiness dwell. I believe in unchanging love in all forms!"

As Harmonius spoke these words, he turned his gaze from the Heavens, and turned it upon the marble group before the arbor.

"O Harmonius, how happy am I, to share your belief," cried I, "but I have not clearly understood the meaning of your last words. I beseech you to give their meaning clearly."

"And if I do so," said he, "shall I not stand before you with such a belief, as an idle dreamer?—But my faith is the fruit of my life experience, as it is with all mortals. And as my life is not as yours, so my faith also cannot be yours. But if you will look deeper into yourselves, to your own being, and into the Divine pervading all things, perhaps my faith will come to you of itself, the belief the ancients nurtured, that Pythagoras and Plato loved."

"Long before I knew Pythagoras or Plato, the faith of these divine men had blossomed out of my own life. I must therefore unroll to your view some threads from the woof of my experiences. I will, if you tire not, relate a few events from my own life."

"I can look back, far back in the vista of memory, through the path of seventy years. But in the far distance, the objects begin to dim and grow wavering and shadow-like. I recognise, though indistinctly, the venerable form of my father. My mother, I have never seen. She died a year after my birth. My father six years later. I was an orphan and delivered to stranger hands."

"To be an orphan was a sad fate to me, but then only sad, because I was not best like my companions. I had no father to teach me, no mother to draw me to her mother heart. These privations continually wounded my heart. I wept silently, and by myself. Every feeling developed itself in tenderness, and I lost myself in dreams, of the paradise of my little past world."

"Of all I knew, none loved me. None hated me either. I was alone. They called me a dreamer. I was as nothing with my playmates. In Summer I wished for Winter, for its solitude seemed soothing to me; in winter I desired the Spring, that I might find some playmates."

to me. It would sometimes fly out, but would return chirruping.

"Do not smile that I speak with so much pleasure of such a trifle. It belongs to the loveliest dreams of my seventy years, when the God of sleep renews for me those scenes of my childhood."

"The little animal died, after a year and a half of fidelity and friendship. Several days before its death it had lost energy and cheerfulness. It wandered not about, but sat sadly upon its perch, and most liked to be upon my shoulder. At last it was so weak it could not reach there. I held it in my hand; I carried it in my bosom. When I wept, and held it caressingly, it would look at me with its little eyes, as if it felt the approaching farewell; as if it would thank me for my love and for my tears. Then it would conceal its little head beneath its wing, as if in sleep."

"The last evening, I carried it to its corner, and placed it upon a freshly-gathered bough. I wept aloud, and kissed it a thousand times."

"I went to bed, and often got up to return to it, to see it once more, and as often as I came, it would hop off the bough to the floor, and, as weak as it was, would come towards me, as if it knew of the coming parting; as if it, too, would caress me for the last time, for the last time see me and thank me. It was late before I slept, and amid tears."

"In the morning it lay dead upon the floor. It lay before my bed: it had left its place in the night, and had come to me to die near me."

"Oh, thou loving, faithful little creature, thou mute angel of my childhood, why didst thou leave me so soon?"

"Spare me the portrayal of my sorrow for the loss of the bird. I buried it sobbing, beneath the same pear tree in the garden where I had first found it. So I buried my beautiful dream of a year and a half—all my childish joys."

After a pause, Harmonius spoke again:—"He that loves aright, loves faithfully. Fidelity is the breath of life. Whoever loves without fidelity, wanders solitary through life, and only forms passing traveling acquaintances."

ing what and how these manifested powers are, or what these manifestations are, and how they exist. These are childish, human distinctions, empty words. What is finite and infinite? They are but poor words and signs, and nothing more. For all is infinite, only the change of the existences of the infinite. This change we call finite, which in itself is infinite. We have the unhelping words, "temporal, fleeting, mortal, finite," and more of the same, borrowed from the changes of those powers that, through the eyes, ears, and feelings, are in affinity with our eternal power and Spirit. But these powers, in themselves, continue for ever and ever, and are not mortal. What, then, is created and uncreated? They are merely words, and nothing more, that the childish human being has derived from the works of his hands. He imagines he can create, when he makes use of the ever-present powers; when he makes use of what already is to another aim, and puts it together with another object. He has not created anything, but has formed from what already is, a house, a book, or any article of use or necessity. All is uncreated, because all is in God, and he is uncreated,—that is, eternal."

Harmonius ceased. We, too, were all silent. The speech of the old man sounded strange and wondrous. We had a hundred questions upon our lips, but ventured not to interrupt him.

"You are silent and astonished," he continued—after a while, "that I call the changes of these powers, not the powers themselves, finite, mortal, and fleeting? Cannot your reason coincide with me? Or do you find it noble, and more in order, to place the highest, holiest, living God, on an equality with the life and pursuits of mankind? That He too, should put together and toil as we do? Or do you find it comprehensive to your reason that he should bring anything into being that in itself is the realms of nothing? That is to the human understanding an unthought of operation, because it is absurd and contradicts itself, that nothing should become a being; so it is impossible that any being should become annihilated. Do you, then, wish to call that God's mightiness which to you is an absurdity? Know you not that the unchangeable conviction, out of nothing cannot something, out of something cannot annihilation take place—even from this does come the necessary conviction of the Eternal and Infinite, that if it were possible that what is could end, it were possible, too, that God would end, cease to become nothing? But as this is impossible and absurd, the eternity of God is that which is possible, real and necessary."

"Where will you lead us at last with these thoughts, Harmonius?" asked one of us.

"There again," answered the venerable man, "where we began our conversation, namely, that our souls and Spirits are eternal, uncreated beings in God, because He is all; that our soul and our Spirit did not spring out of what was not before, but were, before they joined the life powers, and the other perceptible matter we call the body, joined together in the so-called hour of human birth."

"We were, are, and will be?"

"You ask when? how? or what? Friends, we are not God himself, but of God. Let us be satisfied; that is our happiness, that the consolation of eternity! Whoever would comprehend all and the highest, and the life and motions of the eternal household, he would be God himself."

"But," said I, "there lies something therein, I know not what, discouraging. If I have always been, and can never end, then is my eternal being not of any higher worth, as the shortest, because I know as little of the past as of the future."

ever-enduring laws. The laws of Nature are, (to speak it in human language) the thoughts of God in which all lives, in which is His being. The direction of the Spirit, to affinity with lower beings and union with them,—the lowering of the Spirit to the animal nature, to the dominion of the senses, degrades that Spirit; its aspirations for holy, wise, divine, and loving joys, elevates it. It parts with all that would lessen or degrade, illumined by the higher, it dwells with them. This is called in human language *Virtue*; the other Sin, and departure from the Divine.

"I, whose being has ever been in God, have I then always been, and shall I remain unchanged and unprogressed in my selfishness, as I am to-day? I, that since my childhood even have not remained unchanged, and have progressed and become enabled. No, no, even the experience I am capable of attaining in my present state of being convinces me—I once stood lower; I was once more undeveloped; I stand higher; I wander now even in a heaven. I, eternal with God, have lived united to lower beings; I live in union with higher ones; I shall continue to live with far higher and superior beings. To me ever remains God, and my development in Him. What I have, is His; for I am His; I can lose nothing in Him, for he cannot be lost. I have lived before inhabiting this human form, which now is fading. I have lived and loved, and shall continue to live and love what I have loved before."

"For the living God is eternal love in Himself, and my love is but the reflection of His through me. Love is the affinity of the Divine in itself, the unity of that which is ever-existent with Him. It is, as with the lower powers of the universe, there is friendship and attraction among the affinities; so among higher natures in the universe, there is a Spiritual affinity, a penetration of the same divine ray of eternal love. I have lived and loved, and that which I have lived and loved will remain to me; for nothing is lost in God."

"You speak consolingly and sublimely, Oh Harmonius," said I. "But if memory should not here reflect the past, then have we lost forever the beloved ones we saw fade and die! How painful is this thought to us!"

Harmonius was silent. His eyes rested upon the figure of his lost wife. As a Spirit form appearing to our childhood's dreams, was the marble statue gleaming in the moonbeams.

"Thou wilt not again behold the dust," said Harmonius; "if thou hast loved the dust, then is thy yearning hopeless. Dost thou love the Spirit? It lives with thee in the great House of God, and is also a dweller of our Spirit-world."

"But we often deceive ourselves. We too often bestow our love upon the outward, not upon the inner. We wish more for the form than for the Spirit, and it is so human, it must be forgiven; but the human will not avail in the Spirit-world. There are no fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, there; we are all equal beings, and God's children and brothers."

"The Spirit-world, with its surroundings, powers and laws, is veiled for us. We know but our human world. But even here, and amid the darkness, there seems to us many a presentiment of the future—that is all! We dare not throw it aside. There is much revealed to us that is incomprehensible; it were presumption to attempt to solve, but presumption also to regard as superstition. We know too little of the Spirit nature, and must endure these enigmas here, as in the material world."

"As in visible nature, congenial beings assimilate, and even inanimate objects are unconsciously attracted, so that force alone can separate them, so it is in the Spirit realm. It is more than a mere legend, that children who have never known their parents, on beholding them at the first meeting, although unknown, will be moved by strange emotions, and feel attracted towards them. It is more than merely legend that separated friends have suffered sympathetically, although the suffering of one was unknown to the other. I know of no reason that would disprove the belief that the holy magnet that here attracts soul to soul so wonderfully should not beneath other changes continue the same. I hope, therefore, in another world, in another life, to be reunited with those whom I have loved in this life. It is the same to me, in what forms I meet them again. Enough, we belong to one another; we are in affinity for all eternity; and our love continues unchanged beneath all forms."

"Allow me," continued Harmonius, "to continue the story from where I left off—the death of my bird. The continuation will not appear more important than what preceded it, but it may tell you what brought me to a faith that has cast a heavenly ray upon my whole life, and illumined the darkness of its path."

[To be continued.]

HUMAN ELEVATION.—"I know," says Channing, "but one elevation of a human being; and that is the elevation of the soul. Without this it matters nothing where a man stands, or what he possesses; and with it, he towers—he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The elevation of the human being consists in the exercise, growth and energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upwards to the skies by a foreign force, but it rises in the true sense of the word only when it spreads its own wings, and soars by its own living power. So a man may be thrust upwards in a conspicuous place by outward accidents, but he rises only so far as he exerts himself and expands his best faculties, and he ascends up, by a free effort, to a noble region of thought and action."



## "SPIRITUALISM VS. CHRISTIANITY."

The above assumption has been so often and frequently presented, echoed, and re-echoed by the theological and party organs of this country, that its repetition has got to be "stale, flat and unprofitable." Still, it is persistently repeated and kept before the public by men who think ignorance bliss—if not a virtue—when Spiritualism is under consideration. This, in a measure, is natural, and should be expected; for there are men so entirely and severely sectarian in "heart, soul, might, mind and strength," as to disqualify them for all Moral, Spiritual and Theological discrimination. Abundant proof of this has been in the past two—to make no mention of the remaining five—years that enters into the history of modern Spiritualism.

And yet, here is one of the most marked cases of mental perversity and moral obliquity, it has been our fortune to meet with.

We quote from the Review department of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. The writer, in introducing Mr. Daniels' "thorough exposure of Spiritualism," sets forth his qualifications, as reviewer, after the following fashion:

"We have not ourselves the least knowledge or experience of any of these phenomena, small or great. We have never joined a circle, nor witnessed the table tipping or other absurd performances; none of the wonderful sights or sounds of the new faith have come before us. Nor have we felt the impulse to approach the subject. It has a revolting aspect as of meddling with forbidden things, and all the marvels trumpeted abroad, pass us by as so much 'sound and fury signifying nothing.' For we have waited in vain, we still wait, for any good result from these investigations. Bad results we have in abundance. Every newspaper chronicles cases of madness and suicide directly caused by this tampering with the unknown agencies of the Spirit world."

Now this reviewer may be as honest as he is post-like in "waiting for any good result from these investigations," but we venture the opinion, that the writer of the above would no more make this display of his ignorance, than he would be tempted to cut his neighbor's throat, did he not expect approbation for so doing. The idea, however, is so preposterous, intellectually dishonest, and morally pernicious, when thought of in detail and reduced to practice, that further remark is unnecessary, the reviewer having made himself, his position and pretensions ridiculous and contemptible.

The work under review in the Post, however, is worthy of a passing notice, as it purports to be an answer to a "challenge" sent forth by "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," shortly after its organization. It reads as follows:

"Within the last two years, Spiritualism has increased in strength and stature, with a growth unprecedented in the history of mental giants. If it be a lie, there is every prospect of its enveloping this world, and, by its weight, sinking this world one degree lower in the depth of degradation. If it be a lie, it has come in so lovely a garb that men will seek it, unless they be warned by a strong voice; men will flee to it as though it were an angel sent from Heaven—will become enveloped in its false light, and will be borne down to death by the weight of its false glory. If it be a lie, ye men of America, who have one thought toward the good of your fellows, it is your duty to come forward as one man, to tear the veil from the face of the lie, and expose it in all its hideousness. We challenge you, as men—as earnest men, as men desiring the good of your fellows—to come forth and meet us in the fight, expose our errors, draw the shroud away, and enable the world to see us as we are. We challenge you to come and do that which."

How far Mr. Daniel's book ("Spiritualism versus Christianity, or Spiritualism Thoroughly Exposed") may be considered an answer to the above, we cannot say, not having seen it. Nevertheless, if the title of the book is significant of its philosophy, and the extracts we have seen in our exchanges fairly represent its argument, we should infer it is far from being either conclusive or satisfactory. Indeed, the conclusion is in the opposite direction; for it teaches the doctrine of Spirit intercourse in a most emphatic manner—in illustration of which we make the following extract from the Post:

## SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA.

The *Oceanic China Mail*, of June 6, 1854, contains an account of Spirit manifestations in China, by Dr. Macgowan, of Ningpo.

He says they have had the table-tippings, or rather whirling, and Spirit-writings there for a long time. Writing is performed with a pencil or a chopstick, on a table which has been covered over thinly with bran, flour, dust, or any powder, to receive the communications.

In a great number of cases the characters thus traced will be found in perfect accordance with the best style of composition, accurately communicating things altogether unknown to the operators. There is probably not a native living—Pagan or Christian, Jew or Mahomedan, or anything else—who does not religiously believe it to be owing to supernatural agency; and in support of that belief, almost any of them will give narratives which, to say the least, must be admitted to be extremely curious; for, say they, if you invoke the presence of a ghost by suitable religious ceremonies, you will almost invariably have characters traced on the table by a Spirit, which generally reveals something occult and mysterious.

Soon after our arrival at Ningpo, in 1843, such a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the custom, that it could only be compared to the prevalence of an epidemic. There was scarcely a house in which it was not practiced, for a season, almost daily. The cause of this remarkable revival of an old custom could not be ascertained; but its subsidence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned by those who followed or confided in the communications from *Hades*, and by the complaint that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination.

A club of literary graduates were in the habit of assembling in a Taoist temple, for practicing the Ki, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the "Spiritual manifestations" which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an attendant, who disapproved of the demonology; he addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices, on the ground that he had never known any good, but considerable evil, to result from them. His counsel was followed; and since that time this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals.

A poor graduate, after worshipping and employing incantations, invoked the presence and instruc-

tions of his deceased grandfather; whereupon the pencil traced, in a legible hand, some suggestions, which were complied with, but which proved disastrous to the scholars.

The italics in the above point out the emphatic part of the argument, and enable us to translate its logic into a prohibition, rather than a denial of Spirit intercourse—the point being a condemnation of the practice rather than an ignorance of the facts. This is evident from the following:

"There were some lawful means among the Jews for inquiring into the future. There were the prophets or seers; there was the Urim and Thummim. God having thus made provision even for the infirmities of the people, all other modes of obtaining a knowledge of future events were forbidden under the severest penalties; to be stoned to death was the punishment denounced against diviners and those who consulted them; and it is to be observed that none were likely to do so save those who, on account of the unlawfulness of their designs, could not consult the lawful oracles, or those to whom, on account of their offences these oracles were sealed. Thus, we find Saul declaring to the shade of Samuel: 'God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams, therefore I called thee.' 1 Sam. 28: 15.—*Bible Cyclo. Art. Divination.*

This being the argument of Mr. Daniels, the book is made to illustrate an opinion, and that opinion is not Christian but Mosiac—in logic, authority and conclusion.

We write this advisedly, for we do not think a single passage can be found in the New Testament, prohibiting Spirit intercourse—the "possession of devils" notwithstanding.

With what propriety, therefore, Mr. Daniels persists in saying Spiritualism is against Christianity, is beyond our comprehension; since his own reasoning shows conclusively that the Jewish prohibitions were directed against those only whose purposes were "unlawful" and "designs" bad.

We close by assuring Mr. Daniels, and all who may sympathize in his conclusions, that we wish the book every success, for those acquainted with Spiritualism will find in it much to confirm their belief and authorize their conclusions—Mr. Daniel's theory of Christianity to the contrary notwithstanding.

## REFORMERS AND THEIR DETRACTORS.

Among the many things we have seen, and still are, unable to comprehend; is the by no means uncommon antagonism of the self-styled "liberal Christian" to the Reform and Reformers of our times.

We cannot comprehend it, because the early history of every sect that we are acquainted with stands in marked contrast to their present surrounding and pretensions; and is by no means complimentary to many of their leading members. We mean by this, that the early history or infancy of these sects, were necessarily reformatory; and were as obnoxious to the then ruling sentiment of society, as any of the reforms—however ultra or radical of to-day—can be. Since then, however, a great change has come to many of them, for whereas they were once modest and respectful in tone; yea, apologetic even for their very virtues; they have now "waxed fat and kick" their younger brothers and sisters, for imitating their examples.

For instance, an individual who, no doubt, glories in the name of Reynolds, writing to the *Christian Ambassador*, from Buffalo, attempts to justify his own short comings, by finding fault with those who are consistent enough to extend a practical tolerance to the Reformers of the age. He calls it a "jallacy," and says:

"We have had already a number of ministers fatally possessed by this fallacy, and they have engineered in the air in behalf of impracticable isms, to the neglect of their proper functions, and the reproach of their common sense. Such were they who became disciples of Mr. Jack Davis, and who practice the platitudes of the 'Harmonial Philosophy.' Such were they who committed themselves to Fourierism, under the generous but not very rational hope of an immediate Millennium. Such were they who abandoned the Gospel for the vagaries and insipidities of Spiritualism. And such are they, I fear, who encourage the turbulent infancies of certain female agitators, and who mistake their noisy shrewishness for intellectual superiority."

As we do not know the standing of Mr. Reynolds, we cannot say how far the above vulgarity and bad taste may be acceptable to the denomination with which he seems in some sort to be related; but we will say, that every intelligent and honest Universalist will regret the necessities that make such men acceptable to the "Christian Ministry."

We say regret, because the presence of such men necessitate the very extremes complained of; for they either have no mind sufficient to see the need of such reforms; or else they lack the good sense and moral honesty, to say the fitting word, that gives a "rational purpose" and "Christian basis" to all such enterprises. This has been so often demonstrated in the history of the "Church," that we will not now attempt even an illustration, although materials abound in the history of Universalism for doing so. But we do wish to call the especial attention of the intelligent reader to that class of Preachers and Lecturers, who are ever prone to do the dirty work of prejudice and intolerance; for they keep alive the antagonisms that make the "Gospel of none effect," and perpetuate disorders that not only mar the social harmonies of society, but pervert the instincts of the soul. We say this, not to screen the defects, or hide the "insipidities of Spiritualism," but to remind our reviewers that abuse is not argument, nor is popular rant and vulgarity speaking "the truth in the love of it."

## NATURAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

In almost every canton of Switzerland are found persons endowed with the mysterious natural gift of discovering, by a peculiar sensation, the existence of subterranean waters, metals, or fossils. I have known many of them, and often put their marvellous talents to the proof. One of these was the Abbot of the Convent of St. Urban, in the Canton of Lucerne, a man of learning and science; and another a young woman, who excelled all I have ever known. I carried her and her companion with me through several districts entirely unknown to her, but with the geological formation of which, and the position of its salt and sweet waters, I was quite familiar, and I never once found her deceived. The results of the most careful observation have compelled me at length to renounce the obstinate suspicion and incredulity I at first felt on this subject, and have presented me with a new phase of Nature, although one still involved in enigmatical obscurity. To detail circumstantially every experiment I made to satisfy myself on this point, would take up too much space at present; but I think it right to mention some of the causes which have led me occasionally to vary from others in my views of Nature and of God.—*Life of Zschokke.*

## MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND.

Among the many good articles in the second number of the *Spiritual Herald*, is the following, which to us is both interesting and instructive, since it outlines the history and some of the phases of modern Spiritualism in London. The publication of the work, however, in such a city—is an event not to be lost sight of, for its circulation—however limited—can not fail of good to immediate reform and prospective progress. We hope, therefore, our readers will cherish as friendly an interest, and sustain as active and earnest a cooperation for its success, as their means and other Spiritual relations will admit of.

Our London Correspondent, in a recent letter, speaks of this publication and the work it is like to effect for England after the following fashion:

"In this city a step has at length been made in the right direction—a monthly periodical, called the *Spiritual Herald*, has been published by Messrs. Bailliere, the publishers in Regent street. The first number was issued on the 1st of February. I have not yet learned who are the projectors of the publication. The motto they have adopted is particularly significant—'This is truth though opposed to the philosophy of ages,'—'Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find fault and discourse; but to weigh and consider.'—Bacon.

"The work may not be all a Spiritualist would desire—but then it is to be considered in what place the publication is issued—in the very hotbed of the Church's dogmatic decisions. In a place where all are considered—not infidels, but something very like—who do not go to church and practice its external forms, and receive with implicit belief all that churchmen are pleased to teach. It is a beginning, and for this the friends of human progress should be thankful. It professes to disseminate those ideas which must eventually uplift the human race from the musty abuses which have crept into the church through centuries of intolerant domination. This is the correct phrase, for every churchism assumes to be infallible,—so infallible, indeed, that discussion of its peculiar tenets is only permitted under a penalty little short of excommunication."

Following this is a general notice of the contents of the first number—a synopsis of its most prominent articles—which we omit, as we have already quoted sufficient from its pages to make the reader acquainted with its spirit, method and philosophy. The concluding portions of our friend's letter, however, may be suggestive—as they relate to the present need of mediums and means for the further development and spread of the cause. He says:

"Above I have given you a summary of the contents of this most unpretending publication, and I cannot forbear congratulating the friends of progress upon the first stone being laid in this city, of a fabric which will, I trust, eventually overcome error and prejudice; and induce men not merely to reflect and assent to, but live the things of the spirit, accounting the things of this world as mere rags, in comparison to the imperishable riches of that life which the Spirits are momentarily heralding.

"Mediums and lecturers should come here, not with mercenary views, for that would only throw odium upon the cause, but in pure love for the advancement of the species, which is only to be obtained by the dispersing of error, and making the truths known to us of easy attainment,—that it may be truly said, 'The poor have the gospel preached to them.' We have pulpits and isms in abundance—professions of all creeds and kinds to mislead in Spiritual things an ignorant nation. Profession abounds, but of the fruits I cannot speak. A paid priesthood must talk, and custom and conventional notions compel hearers—and also professors. However immoral a man may be in his life, yet he would feel insulted if accounted other than a Christian; and so it must be whilst error and ignorance walk hand in hand. If a daily paper could be published in London, with, at first, a large gratuitous circulation, I feel convinced in the end it would pay its expenses, and do incalculable good.

"The Mormons set an example which should be followed by all who believe they have the truth. In almost every village their lecturers have been heard, and in most they have made converts. Under the name of Latter Day Saints, they have made quite an excitement. If they can do so much, what would be the success of the doctrine of truth, supported by facts and precepts?

"In brotherhood, believe me, yours,"

"S. B."

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Herald*:

SIR,—The publication of a series of letters in a morning paper, emanating from a gentleman of character and position, who came forward to give evidence of the truth of Spiritual manifestations, as witnessed by them in England, has given birth to the *Spiritual Herald*, and I trust it will meet with liberal support. It will probably excite the minds of qualified men to explore the long-neglected fields of psychology. No harm can possibly accrue from laying bare the truth; on the contrary, infinite good may be the result, under proper guidance. There is a class of minds always active to oppose the introduction of anything that does not happen to harmonise with their preconceived ideas. A man may have written a book on magic or sleep, which has extended his fame for wisdom; he is naturally sensitive, and not ready to surrender opinions that have earned favor in the eyes of the world; but, nevertheless, error must die, and so must its authors.

It would be a curious investigation to trace the history of bigotry, impartially given. Such a work may one day appear. Of one thing I am quite sure—that to find a solution for these marvelous manifestations that have produced a literature so peculiar, it is necessary that men enter upon the study with minds free from prejudice and conventionalism.

When forks were first introduced into England, some preachers denounced them "as an insult to Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." The establishment of the Royal Society was opposed, because it was asserted that "experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith." In our own day, many good people oppose the emancipation of the Jews, pleading that it is an attempt to controvert the will and Word of God, and to revoke his sentence on the chosen people; and yet we have a Jew Lord Mayor. Even this month, so stubborn is prejudice and bigotry, that in the face of 400 painless operations, many of which could not possibly have been performed under chloroform, we have a Dr. Sullivan, of Ilford, coming forward in the *Critic*, denouncing mesmerism as a sham. How necessary it is that people examine for themselves, especially in the path of science to which the *Spiritual Herald* is devoted! With Verax I urge that you have no overmen in these matters.

In May last, being at the house of a gentleman of distinction, I met there an English lady, a visitor, whom I discovered to be what is usually termed

a medium. I sat down with her to a large library table, on which we placed our hands. She enquired if the spirits were in attendance, and was answered by three very distinct taps, that appeared to proceed from the centre of the table. She then put several questions, to which she received intelligent answers, by means of the raps and by the help of an alphabet and pencil.

I ventured to ask the name of the Spirit in attendance, and received for answer, "Afflict." I desired to know where a deceased relative had died a few months previous. The reply was, "Devonport." As none in the room but myself knew this, I was certainly surprised. The position of this lady places her beyond the suspicion of any contrivance to deceive. About a fortnight after this I met Mr. Home at the same house in the country. Mr. Home had then only just arrived from America. After dinner, at about nine o'clock, Mr. Home proposed that himself, I, and a gentleman present, should go upstairs in the dark. We did so, and stationed ourselves in a tapestried chamber. We stood and joined hands, remaining some time in silence. At length, on being questioned by Mr. Home, "the Spirits" made us aware of their presence by very loud raps and thumps all about the room, on the furniture, oaken ceiling and floor. We moved into the state drawing-room, our hands joined, and, standing there, these extraordinary noises were more remarkable and more manifest. Scratching on the furniture, raps and thumps on the tables and ceiling, sounds as of many feet, which gradually approached us, until we were literally encompassed with these tramping sounds. Mr. Home received a blow on the shoulder, and my companion on the thigh. We adjourned to the library, and numbering seven, two of the party, ladies, sat down to a large and heavy round table, placing our hands on it: we had loud raps from all parts of this table, and from the oaken bookcases. We spelt out that "they did not come to hold conversations, but to make manifestations," and they asked that "we would investigate with fairness and candor." I desired to know if they would give us some music. Reply, "Yes." One of the ladies brought a guitar, and placed it under the table; as the table was large it was easily seen; presently the strings were faintly agitated, the sounds became gradually louder, and a tune was fairly played out by invisible means. I observed the instrument to move twice, but I am sure no one touched it. After this, the heavy table at which we were sitting gradually rose from the floor, our hands resting upon it; it rose at least six inches, and remained in a state of suspension some time, then tipped backwards and forwards; this was succeeded by a vibration in the table, that was communicated to our bodies and the chairs upon which we were sitting, as if some powerful fluid were escaping. The sensation, as of the grasp of a hand, was felt on the knes of two of the party successively, followed by very loud raps from the table. A little before twelve o'clock we removed to a room upstairs, and took our seats at a large square table, where we had loud raps on the table, and from some parts of the room. The lady to whom I have before alluded was sitting next to me, and we were both of us, with the chairs on which we were sitting, forced violently from the table, nearly to the end of the room, and then drawn round. I tried to resist this, but without success; the table followed us, leaving the rest of the circle behind it. Our host, who is a learned and most accomplished gentleman, watched the phenomena with a jealous eye, and he has since tested Mr. Home, and is satisfied that there could have been no trickery; he leaves it for science to explain. I am convinced there could have been no collusion or delusion. The Vicar of Ealing published a sermon attributing it all to Satanic agency: this has been most ably answered in a pamphlet, "Thoughts on Intercourse with Spirits," published by White, 36 Bloomsbury street.

The Rev. William Lambert, of Ealing, in a letter to the *Dispatch*, Oct. 7, says: "Although I readily admit that on one evening, at Mr. Rymer's house, I witnessed facts which surprised me, and excited my curiosity, I never expressed any opinion as to the agency which produced them." Probably the opinion spontaneously expressed by Sir David Brewster to Mr. Cox, "Sir, this upsets the philosophy of fifty years," is nearly the truth. Sir David's ungenerous attack upon Mr. Home has been well answered by Mrs. Trollope. Some of your readers may remember the cruel persecution of Elizabeth Squirrel, at Shottisham, in 1852, who exhibited phenomena that have not yet been explained. There was another girl in a similar state of disease, near St. Malo, a catleptic, who had passed six months without taking food. There is now a girl at Prickwillow, near Ely, a catleptic, who has occasionally exhibited phenomena analogous to those produced by Mr. Home: she falls into trances; during her sleep loud noises have been heard in her room in the night, lasting many hours. Her case appears in the *Zoist* of October last. The effects of table-turning upon a young lady in 1853 are still remembered. These four sensitives are undeveloped media.

I am, sir, yours obediently,  
JOHN JAMES BIRD.  
GREAT MALVERN, Feb. 11, 1856.

"We intend to keep the work on sale, and shall be pleased to send the same to as many of our subscribers as may desire it. Price 12 1/2 cents."

## "CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME."

We give place to the following, from the *Union and American*, (one of the most widely circulated papers of the South,) as it points out a department for Society and Law Reform, while paying a well merited compliment to an earnest and devoted Reformer. The thoughts contained in the synopsis will abundantly repay for an attentive perusal, as they suggest an immense field for labor, and outline the kind of Gospel that must be preached when Christianity and Spiritualism are practically and lovingly one and the same.—This is measurably true now in theory, but theory and logic at best are but the frame work of the mental ladder, by which the Spirit climbs from the plane of self, to the sphere of angel harmony and Spirit Manifestation.

Let us hope that others, seeing his good works, "will go and do likewise," that the unfortunate may be blessed, and the earth prepared for the advent of "the Kingdom of Heaven."

"The Lecture of Rev. J. B. Ferguson, on the above subject, before the Nashville Lyceum, at the Christian Church, on Tuesday night, was largely attended by the most respectable and intelligent of our citizens. Those who were not present missed a rare and refreshing intellectual treat.—His theme, so prolific in thought, was handled with all the fervid eloquence for which this gentleman is distinguished. Discarding the thread-bare aphorisms of the priest and the thrice-told tale of the polemic, he marched boldly up to his subject like one who was conscious of his strength. He called things by their proper names and gave some severe home-thrusts to those rose-water philanthropists and office-seeking patriots who froth and foam more than they act. A bare notice of the main points of his lecture is all that we can give.—We leave our readers to a more careful perusal of the address when it is published."

After showing that the State has no right in punishing crime, to steal the labor of the convict and rob the widow and orphan of a protector, he suggested a reform in the administration of our Penitentiary system: That the convict be allowed so much per diem for his labor, and that the proceeds be given to his wife and children, if he have any; if not, that it be given to those more nearly dependent upon him for subsistence. This policy would hold out a strong incentive for the reformation of the criminal, and give to the innocent sufferer that which would, in some degree, soften the pangs of violated affection; and at the same time it would satisfy the demands of justice. The State should act as a merciful mother instead of a revengeful stepdame. Profit and loss should not be taken into consideration where the moral welfare of our citizen is to be subserved. The State should pay a proper value for the labor, whether the labor is remunerative or not.

Avarice is the cause of all crime. It sears the heart; sunders the fraternal relations of nations; creates animosities between neighbors and friends, and moves the hand of treachery and murder. It is this which has precipitated this nation on the very verge of civil and perhaps foreign war. Oppression to the poor, and violating the religious rights of a class, not the fancied freedom of the African, will dissolve the Union and break it into fragments if it is ever done. In giving a moral definition of crime, he said that it was not a violation of Law but a departure from an Infinite Rule of Right, co-existent, co-eternal with God—everywhere working, everywhere felt. No man can violate a law of God—his laws are immutable—always the same. Man departs from the laws governing his being when he trespasses upon the rights of others or perverts his own nature. He lives in God, therefore, he is under God's government, which is just and true in its operations.—His nature is pure in its essence and a departure from this purity creates conditions and circumstances which mar the soul's happiness and consequently the happiness of others; for all are linked in the bands of a Common Brotherhood—as eternal as God; and as broad as humanity. Individual harmony—harmonises us with our own condition and brings us in unison with man and God—extant. In the discussion of this department of his subject, he was truly eloquent—at times grappling with the subtle sophistries of speculative thought—at others rising into the regions of pathos, melting the hearts of his auditors as he recited the wrongs inflicted upon his kind. The hopeful view of the future gave a relief to the dark and somber background of the past, and in sublime strains he pictured forth the dawn of the day when the laws of nature will be administered according to the divine principles of Right and Justice—when man will recognize in his fellow-man, a brother; in God, a universal father; and the nations of the earth learn war no more. This day he believed was at hand—even at the door. But before it came the world must be purified by dire conflicts. The premonitions of the struggle are borne on every breeze—in the terrible commotions of the Old World, and in the upheavings of free thought in our own beloved land. In the axiom of his lecture—deep is the ocean bed of thought—wide as humanity and eternal as God."

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## PERSONAL.

Bro. J. B. Ferguson.—Under date of March 6th, writing us from Nashville, says: I am leaving for the principal cities of the South, induced so to do, by most earnest and repeated solicitations. I shall be absent some six weeks, and spend most of the time in New Orleans. Mr. Champion accompanies me.

The renewal of Humanity's Hope by the gradual, but certain dawning of this *New Era*, is claiming and securing the attention of the best minds of the South. Of our own progress, it becometh me not to speak, save that we know that man in the flesh may converse with his angel-friends face to face. I would promise to write you often, but our time is at present, and must be for a year or two to come, a time of the most careful and constant action. But whether you hear from me directly or not, know that our progress, present trust and unshaken confidence grow out every effort that looks to a just and holy appreciation of this divine cause. God in his infinite mercy and help bless you and prosper your sacred devotion to the truths now claiming the ear and the heart of a polluted but never deserted race.—Here and forever, whether to labor or suffer, Yours,  
J. B. FERGUSON.

Miss EMMA F. JAY.—We learn from the *Hartford Herald*, that this well known medium was to speak in Odd Fellow's Hall of that place on last Monday evening. The writer adds: "This being the first time that our citizens have had an opportunity of witnessing any Spiritual demonstrations, there will no doubt be a large attendance. One good feature is that there are to be no boys admitted."

Prof. S. B. BRITTON.—The Portland Transcript says, the Spiritual Association of that city, engaged Bro. Britton to deliver two or three lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, and adds: "Prof. B. is a gentleman of superior abilities and a popular lecturer, and cannot fail to interest the most intelligent as well as the most skeptical citizens."

Judge EDMONDS has been lecturing to large and appreciating audiences in Boston and Lowell during the past two weeks.

He lectures next Sunday, March 23d, at the Brooklyn Institute, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M.

Mr. HOME.—We are informed that Mr. Home, the medium, has formed an engagement with a Polish nobleman, and is now travelling with him in Italy, after which he will accompany him to Poland; his return to England is consequently, indefinitely postponed.—*Spiritual Herald.*

## "HARMONIOUS."

The "outside" article of this issue is well worthy of attention, as it is *deeply Spiritual*, although professedly "a story." It, however, so fully reflects the German mind, and many of the peculiarities that of late have characterized the German literature, that its study, as a mental curiosity, would abundantly recompense the reader. It will be concluded in another number.

## "SPIRITUALISM—PHYSIOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED."

An article with this heading will be found on the fourth page, which should be read by all who wish to study Spiritualism critically. We say this not because we are "impressed" by the profundity of the writer, or astonished at his experience, but because it is due to the pros and cons of the argument that this gentleman's views be attentively read and mastered. We have read the article several times, and should have put our reflections on paper for this issue, were it not for sickness in our family. As it is, we will give them at the earliest convenience, as there is a phase of argument, and a department of mental investigation with which (most Spiritualists should be more familiar.

## PROPHECIES AND FACTS CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM.

We extract the following from the cover of *Tiffany's Monthly*, as the facts and reflections are well calculated to convince the mind of the presence and guardianship of that Divinity whose Wisdom fashions the ends and harmonizes the issues of life. These facts bespeak the presence of God in history, and set forth his handiwork as clearly and manifestly if they were written in the granite characters of our solid earth.—[Ed.]

1. It is traditionally reported that Emanuel Swedenborg, while on his deathbed, in 1792, on being asked if he still adhered to the doctrines taught in his books, answered emphatically in the affirmative, and added that in about eighty years from that time events would occur which would demonstrate their truth, and make them extensively known. The eighty years expired in the year 1852.

2. Within the last twenty years a general and mysterious presentiment became developed among the more Spiritually inclined portions of Christendom concerning some impending divine unfoldings which would usher in great changes and fulfill the ancient prophecies concerning the end of the age and the second coming of Christ. This presentiment occasionally broke out into distinct prophecies, which assumed forms generally much characterized by the types of thought educationally pre-existent in the minds of those who conceived and uttered them.

3. About the year 1886, a young man of the name of Buck, then residing at Fredonia, N. Y., fell into a trance, and held a communication with his deceased mother, who told him, among other wonderful things, that within fourteen years from that time a book would be published, originating from a source whence it would be little expected, and that the book would be the initiation of a great revolution in all human opinions respecting spiritual things.

4. About eleven years after the date of the above prediction, A. J. Davis's "Nature's Divine Revelations," dictated in the clairvoyant state, and by aid from the Spiritual world, was placed before the public. This work certainly did come "from a source whence it was little expected," and was the initiation of the "great revolution" predicted.

5. Less than twenty years ago William Miller became deeply impressed with an impending change in all mundane and ecclesiastical affairs, which, according to the ideas of his sect, he supposed would be the literal configuration of the world, and a second personal coming of Christ, and he predicted that this event would be fulfilled about the year 1843.

6. About the year 1843 several events occurred, which, though differing in form from those which Mr. Miller anticipated, may be considered as a commencement of the verification of his more interior and more correctly interpreted premonitions. On the 7th of March, in that year, A. J. Davis fell into a protracted trance, during which his future work as a Spiritual medium was indicated. About the same time multitudes of departed Spirits visited the different societies of Shakers, took possession of the bodies of the brethren, and made extensive and important communications, which are still on record. Not far from the same time Spiritism visited and made free communications to a circle of investigators in New York city, of which Mr. Elias Jones was president; and we know of distinguished individuals who about the same time became sensibly acted upon by a special Spiritual influx.

7. The burden of the prophecy of the Spirits who visited the Shakers, as above, was that a similar visitation, attended by similar phenomena, would occur extensively among the "world's people" no distant period. In December, 1846, and nearly two years before anything was known about "Rochester Knockings," A. J. Davis, in dictating from the trance state, his "Nature's Divine Revelations," uttered the following remarkable passage: "It is a truth that Spirits commune with one another while one is in the body and the other is in higher spheres—and this, too, when the person of the body is unconscious of the influx, and hence cannot be convinced of the fact; and this truth is ever long present itself in the form of a living demonstration. And the world will hail with delight the ushering in of that era when the interiors of men will be opened, and the Spiritual communion established." See Nat. Div. Rev. pp. 676, 677.

8. These various prophecies, pre-intimations or foreshadowings, each being independent of the others, thus occur in designating this period of our MAN HISTORY as ONE IN WHICH SHOULD OCCUR SOME REMARKABLE VISITATION FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD, which should be attended with most stupendous and important changes in the existing state of things. If, therefore, these predictions have been, or are







For the Christian Spiritualist.  
**THE THREE SPIRITS.**  
BY ELFREDE.  
While the wind without was wailing  
O'er the forest and the stream,  
And the wintry stars were veiling  
From the sight their icy gleam,  
And the storm-rack gathered slowly,  
Shrouding o'er the evening sky,  
By the pleasant parlor fire  
Lay I tranced in reverie.  
Speaking to myself the fancies,  
Clothed in strange and stately rhyme,  
Quaint conceits and ringing measures  
Of poets of the olden time.  
Railing at my fate so paltry,  
Leading on a humdrum life,  
Toil unending; toil and traffic  
All with selfishness so rife.  
Longing for the fair ideal,  
Grotesque though it be, of youth—  
Throwing off the marble real—  
Seeking fairy forms of truth.  
As enwrapped in shadowy fancies,  
Sat I silent, and as still  
As the flame that erst was dancing  
With an almost human will.  
Suddenly I felt a presence  
As of some one in the gloom,  
Though around me there was silence  
In the fire-lighted room.  
Then, before me stood a Spirit,  
Clear and well-defined her form,  
With large eyes that seemed to 'herit  
All the night and all the storm.  
Dark her features, and forbidding  
Was the frown that on them lay,  
And an inward voice chiding,  
As I recognized To-day.  
Then once more my sight I lifted,  
And I saw another form,  
Dim and indistinct the features,  
But with love instinct and warm.  
And she gazed upon me loving,  
With blue eyes, wherein were blent  
Purest loveliness and kindness,  
With a childlike wonderment.  
Gazing in those eyes of beauty,  
There I saw my childhood's heaven,  
Ere the battle-cry of duty  
Was unto my being given.  
All pure hopes that ere had filled me  
Now aside as useless cast,  
Saw I in the eyes reflected  
Of the Spirit of the Past.  
Then another form before me  
Rose in majesty most grand,  
Weaving magic circles o'er me  
With a snow-white, mystic wand.  
Tall her form was and majestic,  
Faultless in its symmetry,  
And her eyes seemed looking upward,  
Far into the depths of sky.  
Then as I still gazed upon her,  
Visions rose before my soul  
Of the fair and stately Future,  
And the ever-radiant goal.  
Stately palaces of glory,  
Towers, fair and grand in height,  
Veiled in morning haze, dim-outlined,  
But rosy-red with morning light.  
Then the glowing, radiant Future,  
And the sweet and saddened Past,  
Turned toward the glooming Present,  
And their arms about her cast.  
And the Trine stood fair before me,  
And upon me bent their gaze,  
While the trembling firelight flickered  
On the wall its ruddy blaze.  
Then, I noted how the beauty  
Of the Future and the Past,  
Flowed into the Present's being,  
And a glory round her cast.  
Vanished was the sternness wholly  
From the forehead of To-day,  
Shone instead a high and holy  
Look that turned to Heaven away.  
Then before me, arms entwined,  
Radiant to the very feet,  
Stood the Trine in perfect beauty,  
Undivided and complete.  
And the lesson I remembered,  
That the eye true-seeing might  
Find all life one glorious poem,  
Filled with music and with light.

From the Journal of Medicine.  
**SPIRITUAL WRITING.**  
Considered and Analyzed Physiologically.  
BY JOHN C. NORTON, M.D.  
We copy the following and last exposure of Spiritualism, as its length comes within the limits of our columns. We do so because the reader should know what can be said against this phase of Spirit manifestation, the opposition being intelligent and respectful. We bespeak for it, therefore, an attentive perusal, since nothing but candor, will induce intellectual and competently qualified minds to examine, much less expose whatever error may be associated with the philosophy of Spiritualism. For our own reflections see the second page of this issue.—Ed. Ch. Sp.  
Seating myself, one day, by a table, alone in my office, I determined to try an experiment.—I had heard much, and seen a little, of the so-called Spiritual writing, and did not wish to cry out humbug until I had fully investigated the matter, being well aware that though I might, by observing the operations of the mediums, and applying to them appropriate tests, satisfy myself that the communications were not from the Spirits of the dead, I could not form a definite opinion as to their real nature, without testing the matter in my own person.  
I had been told in one of the circles which I had had the curiosity to visit, that I was both a writing and a rapping medium. I therefore resolved to try my hand at conversing with the dead, if such a thing was possible; so, taking my pen in hand, and placing it upon a sheet of paper before me, I called upon the Spirits, if any were present, to move my hand. To my astonishment, my hand immediately began to move, but made no intelligible characters. I then said, if this is a Spirit, write the letters A B, etc., which was done, until nearly the whole alphabet was written. My hand moved very slowly at first, but the movement was altogether involuntary.  
I did not stop here to inquire the cause of the movement, but, my curiosity being fully aroused, I continued my invocations to the Spirits. I asked the Spirit to write its name, and at the word, in an old-fashioned hand, was written the name of B—C—. I then asked, "Is there any communication for me?" when the following was written: "Come to Ireland; Wm. C— is dead, and has willed you all his property, amounting to thirty thousand pounds."  
I did not stop to ask myself the question whether such a thing were possible or probable, but continued my conversation with the supposed Spirit. I was informed that on the next Monday evening I should receive a letter from the executor of the will, J. Crawford, of Dublin, making me acquainted with all the circumstances. In a short time I began to receive communications purporting to be from other Spirits, suggesting that I might never receive the property after all, as the will would probably be destroyed. "Oh no!" says another Spirit. "Crawford will never give up the will. It is safe in his hands."  
And so, for my edification, the Spirits would hold animated and lengthy discussions upon the subject; but soon came the announcement, "The will is destroyed, and the property is taken." My Spirit friends, however, informed me that I might obtain possession of the legacy by commencing legal proceedings, and were kind enough to write for me the names of some fifteen or twenty different persons whom I must employ as witnesses in my great suit. Of these, the places of residence and occupations were detailed with the greatest minuteness. I was not a little surprised to find among my list the name of a college class-mate of yours, Mr. Editor, (T. R. C.) who, I was informed, was teaching in South Down, and who, you will, no doubt, be glad to learn from the Spirits, is doing very well.  
Now came the important intelligence that "Thos. Trumy (the principal witness) is dead; he has been thrown from a carriage, and is now being carried home." I was shortly, however, convinced that no more dependence can be placed upon the reports of the Spiritual telegraphs than upon our material ones in this lower world, for soon came the following dispatch: "Thomas Trumy is not dead; he was only stunned, and is now better."  
I should weary the patience of my readers if I were to mention one-tenth part of the communications that were written upon this one subject. The congratulations, the counsels, the plans for the future, the jokes, and the sober suggestions were without end.  
In addition to these, I received a great number of communications, purporting to be prophecies of future events. I was told that the millennium was shortly to dawn upon the world, and the glorious "thousand years" would commence in 1856; that before that time there would be wars, such as had never before been known. These wars would commence in Germany, and rapidly spread over Europe and Asia, and would result in the universal diffusion of civil and religious liberty. Kings and emperors would be hurled from their thrones. Louis Napoleon would be assassinated in his bed-chamber, and France be deluged again with blood. The princes of the world were emphatically termed the princes of the Power of Darkness, and that darkness was explained to be ignorance.  
I was told that I must believe in the Spirits and their philosophy. I requested that they would communicate to me that philosophy; and, accordingly, I received six or seven communications, each covering from three to four pages of foolscap; each commencing with a series of aphorisms, and closing with poetry; and I must be permitted to say, that the idea and the style of these productions were of the most remarkable character. Many to whom I showed them, declared their decided conviction that they could not be the composition of any human being. The style was not vivid, but fiery and tempestuous. I must confess that I was utterly bewildered, and knew not what to believe or say. I called upon different poets to write for me, upon subjects which I should designate; and, in this way, in one afternoon, I wrote more than ten pages of poetry, and that while I was engaged in conversation about other subjects disconnected with those upon which I was writing.  
I also invoked the Spirits to explain many obscure points in physiology, and explanations were immediately given. I supposed cases of disease, and prescriptions were forthwith given, with full directions for the management of the cases; upon my inquiry whether cancer was a curable disease, I was answered in the affirmative, and was told that sulphur was the remedy.  
I called for the autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the deceased Presidents, as well as of many of my deceased friends; and in many instances the signatures thus obtained were very good imitations of the true signatures. So you see that I have had all the evidences, so far as writing is concerned, which were necessary to convince Charles Beecher of Spiritual agency. I may say, indeed, that I have had additional evidence, for he mentions nothing about this writing of autographs. It may be asked, was I not convinced by them? I answer, I did not make up my mind in any way until after I had taken time, calmly and carefully, to consider and compare all the circumstances. I was engaged in

writing these communications for about one week, during which time it may well be supposed that I was not in a condition for calm and sober reflection. At the end of this time I made up my mind to stop and post up, square my books, and see where I stood. I assure you it was no easy matter for me to stop. There was a kind of enchantment about it, which it is impossible for me to describe; and I was bound by a spell more potent than that by which the son of Ulysses was kept upon Calypso's Isle. But, thanks to my watchful mentor, I did break away, and that entirely. I now proceed to give you the result of my reflections and self-examinations.  
I venture the assertion that no one has had any stronger evidence of Spiritual intercourse than myself. The writing was altogether involuntary; not only so, but the mental operations which accompanied the writing were equally involuntary. Almost any one, unacquainted with the principles of physiology and psychology, would have unhesitatingly declared that neither the thoughts nor the writing were his own, and would have immediately attributed them to disembodied Spirits; but my conclusions were far different. It may be said that my mind was influenced by prejudice in forming my conclusions—that I had previously determined not to be convinced of the truth of Spiritual communication; but I solemnly aver that this was not the case. On the contrary, I was disposed to treat the subject fairly, and was anxious to satisfy myself whether there was anything in it or not. It seemed to me that if it were possible to hold converse with our departed friends, it would be the most pleasing thing in the world. But let us see how my conclusions were drawn, and what were the premises upon which they were founded.  
In the first place, that the ideas originated in my own brain, was evidenced by the waste to which my whole nervous system was subjected, and the effect upon the process of nutrition and secretion throughout the body. Although engaged in writing only one week, during that time I lost ten pounds in weight; my whole nervous system was so affected that I could scarcely hold a pen. I was afflicted with palpitations and tremors, loss of appetite and constipation, disturbed sleep and frightful dreams. Involuntary muscular movements, and inability to fix my attention, with giddiness and headache. Any one who has seen me would have said that I had passed through a long siege of sickness. In fact, I am satisfied, by looking back upon my condition, that I was on the very borders of insanity. Every medical man knows that these are precisely the effects of long-continued and severe mental exertion. Now, if the motion of my hand was produced by the influence of Spirits external to my body, I do not see how the effect upon my body and mind should have been so great. How should the mere exercise of moving my hand, when produced by the agency of another person, thus affect me? It may be said that I was frightened, and that my nervous system was thus operated upon; but this was by no means the case. I could talk as familiarly with the supposed Spirit as with an intimate acquaintance. I could joke as much as I pleased, and really enjoyed those conversations remarkably.  
Secondly, I always knew what I was writing, and although the thoughts passed through my mind unbidden, I could always tell before I finished a sentence what it was to be, and often, when asked a question, I could answer it just as well without writing at all, as after writing the answer. Some may say that these were impressions made upon my mind by the Spirits. I reply, it is an assumption to say that the Spirits had anything at all to do with these impressions, and I shall show further on that they may be accounted for far more philosophically, without referring them to any such source.  
Thirdly, if I was requested to write a name which I did not know, I could not do it. I was told to call upon the Spirit of Lewis Hanchett, and request it to write its name. It was immediately written, "Lewis Hanchett." He had a middle name, says the person, tell him to write it. "Lewis George Hanchett." "Not correct." "Lewis William Hanchett." "Still wrong; the name commenced with B." "Lewis Benedict Hanchett." "Not right." "Lewis Burton Hanchett." Wrong again; the name was Lewis Beebe Hanchett." It was then immediately written correctly. Numerous other experiments of the same kind were tried, and always with the same result; showing that it was absolutely necessary that I should have the idea in my mind before it could be written. Did not that Spirit know its own name? If it did, why did it not write it without being told what it was? Here is another fact bearing upon the same point, which I have just been illustrating. In regard to the signatures which I wrote, whatever idea I had in my mind of those signatures was faithfully written out. If I had formed a correct image within that image was immediately transferred to paper, and in this instance the autograph was correct. On the contrary, if I had a wrong impression of the handwriting, the autograph would be wrong. If I never had seen the signature, the writing would be nearer like my own than anybody's else. Hence it was that although some of the signatures were strikingly correct, a great majority bore not the least resemblance to the true one. Upon this principle we may account for the fact (if it be) that children, and persons not knowing how to write, will make very good autographs while calling upon the Spirits. It is the idea which influences the muscles, and thus imprints its image upon the paper.  
Fourthly, to test the reliability of the prophecies, a record of the weather for a week to come was called for and written. The sequel showed that either the Spirits were most infamous liars, or else they were miserable almanac makers, for they did not come within forty rods of the mark. In fact, my Spirit friends never gave me one particle of information in regard to matters of which I was ignorant, upon which I could place the least dependence. I need not say the whole story about the legacy was a fabrication; the letter which I was to receive, somehow, never reached me, and the dead relative was only Spiritually dead, for he is now alive and well. "Ah!" says the Spiritualist, "I see you have been imposed upon by lying Spirits." Very likely; but how, in the name of all that is sacred, am I to decide what the character of my communicating Spirit is? I call upon the Spirits of those whose character for veracity and candor on earth was unimpeachable, and relying upon their statements, I find myself most egregiously deceived. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Spiritualist. "True Spirits speak of things divine; false Spirits talk of things of time." What you mean to say, then, is this; that those Spirits who tell us of anything we are capable of testing are liars; while those who tell us of something of which we shall never learn the truth or falsity till we pass to that bourne from which no traveler returns, are true Spirits. But how do you know that even these are true? Does not Satan often transform himself into an angel of light?

What useful information can we then obtain from the Spirits? They lend us no assistance in regard to the things of time; and in regard to the weighty matter of eternity, they tear our chart in pieces, take away our anchor, and leave us in the midst of a fearful storm, to be driven about by the waves of conjecture among the rocks and shoals of error. But enough of this—let me not hear again the plea that there are lying Spirits.  
Fifthly, I have been told that if we called upon the Spirit of a person still living, we should get no answer. I can assert from positive experience that this statement is false. I have repeatedly called upon the Spirit of a person now living, and held long conversations with it. The only reason, then, why mediums say they cannot converse with the Spirits of the living is because they think they cannot, and therefore do not try. What does this show? To my mind, it is conclusive evidence that we no more converse with the Spirits of the dead than with those of the absent living; in other words, that we commune not with the dead at all!  
Sixthly, I am satisfied that the ideas contained in my philosophy and poetry were my own; and the thing that leads me to think so, is the fact that I could recognize trains of thought that had formerly passed through my mind; moreover, the style of the composition only differed from my own in being much more vivid and forcible. Besides, my philosophy was unlike any other system of philosophy purporting to be from the Spirits which I have seen. There were some ideas, it is true, in reference to mediums, Spiritual intercourse, etc., which correspond very nearly with what we find in works upon Spiritual philosophy; but those I had no doubt derived from others. One thing is worthy of particular notice. Take any two mediums unacquainted with the system of Spiritual philosophy now in vogue, and let them, without any opportunity of comparing their views, call upon the Spirits for a system of doctrines, and these systems will not only differ from the prevalent system, but from each other, and that most materially; and this I have often remarked, a Universalist medium will obtain a Universalist philosophy, a Methodist a Methodist philosophy, and so on. This is evidence that the doctrines obtained are not those of the Spirits, but those of the mediums.  
A few words, by way of explanation of the phenomena of Spiritual writing. Being careful to avoid any volitional acts, the will is placed in abeyance, and thus full play is given to emotional and other mental acts. It must be remembered that emotions may have an internal as well as an external origin. Intellections give rise to emotions, and emotions, in their turn, render the process of thought more rapid and clear. I have no doubt that much of the writing will come under the denomination of emotional action, and it may be a question whether the intellectual operations which precede the writing do not, in every instance, influence the muscles through the medium of emotions. We have been heretofore accustomed to class these actions, to which the mind gives rise, under two heads—voluntary and emotional. Shall we introduce still another class, to cover those actions which are the direct result of intellection? I leave this question open for discussion. I beg leave here to refer my readers to the chapter on the Nervous System, in the fourth edition of Carpenter's Physiology, as they will find it reviewed in the July number (for the year 1856) of the British and Foreign Medical Chirological Review, where he takes the ground that there is such a thing as involuntary cerebration, as automatic thought. This idea is comparatively a new one, though I think not altogether so. I find in Upham's Mental Philosophy, under the head of "Dreaming," the following words: "A train of conceptions arise in the mind, and we are not conscious of any direction or control whatever over them. They exist whether we will or not." Here we have the same idea of involuntary cerebration, although expressed in a little different language from that which Carpenter used. Dr. Carpenter, however, goes still farther, and takes the ground that cerebration may go on without either volition or consciousness. This would seem to be true with regard to the somnambulist, whose actions are doubtless the result of cerebration, although he is entirely unconscious of what he is doing. If he is unconscious, of course the actions must be involuntary; for there can be no volition without consciousness. The dreamer is conscious of his intellectual operations, although he is not conscious of controlling those operations; I mean that the will stands aloof from them, as it were, and they go on without the direction of volition. The same remark will apply to the act of writing. It is involuntary only as the will is kept in abeyance, and the hand moves without its control. There was no time while I was engaged in writing when I could not stop the motion of my pen, and direct my thoughts into a different channel, if I chose to do so. I cannot help thinking that in my mental state, while receiving communications, there was something very analogous to dreaming, and that my involuntary muscular movements were much like those of the somnambulist.  
This assertion must, of course, be taken with some limitations. What a beautiful dream was that of the legacy! Alas! it vanished just as all our dreams depart! The rapidity with which the long-foregone thoughts of former years were recalled to my mind, the glowing colors in which these old thoughts, and the new ones which followed them, were painted, go to show the activity of decomposition within my brain.  
I said that I wrote much poetry; and this is just what might have been expected, when we consider that poetry is the language of strong emotions; and these were continually agitating my mind as the tempest stirs the ocean's waters. I can now look back and see how, in the storm of my mind, many principles of psychology were beautifully illustrated. Here I may study at pleasure the operation of association and suggestion, memory and recollection, comparison and reasoning, doubting and dreaming, and all of those as going on without the control of the will. Here I may analyze the various emotions, and view their connection with other mental actions. When I look at all these things, and see what a boundless field of inquiry is thus opened up before me, I confess that I know not when to lay down my pen. But remembering that I have already trespassed too much upon your good nature, I close without further remarks.  
When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears, over the lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more; yet still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noticed them in the plains of Shinar!—Carlyle.

**LIFE.**  
What is life? It is a vapor that appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth away.—James iv. 14.  
Like the falling of a star;  
Or as the flight of eagles are;  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood:  
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light  
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;  
The dew dries up, the star is hot,  
The flight is past—and man forgot.  
Bishop King.  
The flying cloud, the evanescent vapor, the arrows just propelled from the string, the wintry grass, the flower whose beauty scarcely blooms ere it is faded, and whose fragrance is scarcely perceptible ere it is gone—are apt similitudes of the life of man.—Dr. Spring.  
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
J. P. Bailey.  
He lives long that lives well; and time misspent  
Is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than  
His promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and  
gives him a free hold on a better value.—Fuller.  
How short is human life! The very breath  
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.  
Hannah More.  
Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life  
In general, we are wishing every period of it at an  
end. The minor longs to be at age; and then to be  
a man of business; then to take up an estate; then  
to arrive at honors; then to retire.—Addison.  
An aged Christian went tottering by,  
And white was his head, and dim was his eye;  
And his broken spirit seem'd ready to fly,  
As he said, with his faltering breath:  
"It is life, to move from the heart's first throes,  
Through youth and manhood to age's sorrows  
In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes,—  
It is life to prepare for death."  
Charles H. Drake.  
Many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world,  
and when they are just about going out of it they  
bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to  
do something which they had all the while forgot,  
viz: The main business for which they came into  
the world, to make their peace with God, and reform  
their lives, and make their peace with God, and in  
time to prepare for eternity.—Tilghson.  
Nor lose thy path, nor hate; but what thou  
liv'st,  
Live well—how long or short; permit to  
Heaven.  
Milton.  
They who are most weary of life, and yet are  
most unwilling to die, are such who have lived  
no purpose—who have rather breathed than lived.  
Curendon.  
Age should fly concourse; cover in retreat  
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;  
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.  
Young.  
Old age, thine evening twilight, for him who has  
a Saviour, blends so undisturbed with the sun-  
rise that there is scarcely a night between.—Prof.  
Tholuck.  
In him we live and move, and have our being.—  
Acts xvii; 28.—Puritan Recorder.  
**THE PROGRESS OF TEA DRINKING.**  
In the meanwhile, the love of tea was on the in-  
crease, and had made its way far east of Temple  
Bar. Every year enlarged the consumption, and  
the drinking of it was no longer confined to the re-  
fined and wealthy; the community at large were  
beginning to appreciate the precious beverage,  
which refreshed and strengthened, and at the same  
time exhilarated their Spirits, without any of the  
after consequences of ordinary stimulants.  
From the year 1710, the importation had gone  
on increasing, and in 1737 had reached to such an  
extent that the ruin of England was predicted as  
certain to ensue, from the general use of so effemi-  
nate and unnatural a drink.  
"If we compare the nature of tea," says a writer  
of the *Grub Street Journal* of the latter date,  
"with the nature of English diet, no one can think  
it a proper vegetable for us; but were it," he con-  
tinues, after pointing out various evil qualities, "as  
entirely wholesome as balsam or mint, it were yet  
mischievous enough to have our whole population  
used to sip warm water in a mincing, effeminate  
manner twice a day," &c.; and he goes on imput-  
ing all the political evils of the preceding twenty  
years to the drinking of tea; and ends by prophes-  
ying that, if the use of it is continued for another  
century, the English will have to hire for-  
eigners to do their hard work for them, and will be  
incapable of defending themselves in case of need.  
This attack was followed up by others equally  
overwhelming. A writer in the *Gentleman's Ma-  
gazine* of the same year informs us that it affects  
adults, who take it for the first time with dejection  
of spirits, palpitation of the heart, trembling, fear-  
fulness, and other symptoms common to narcotics,  
such as poppies, nightshade, and other poisonous  
simples; and the children bred with it are only fit  
for footmen and chamber maids—and in fine,  
threatens an ultimate end to the population, if its  
use is not in some degree prohibited by govern-  
ment.  
Women were warned against its use, on pain of  
its rendering them childless; it was also said to be  
fatal to their complexions, making those who were  
of a cool constitution, pale, or tawny, or swarthy  
—and conferring on those who were of a warm  
temperament, red, rusty, plain-looking faces, with  
red noses; while, at the same time, they were told  
it shrivelled up the skin, and brought wrinkles be-  
fore age. Surely, if such threatenings had no avail  
with the fair tea-drinkers of those days, any more  
than the loss of strength, and courage, and manli-  
ness with which the male portion of the population  
were menaced, the love of the Chinese drink  
must have become a deep-rooted predilection with  
the people. But, despite these direful fulminations,  
which were now reechoed and now opposed in the  
literary atmosphere of Grub Street—of the de-  
fenders averring, amongst other virtues, that it  
"preserved from accidents, from ill air, and to  
which divers ambassadors residing in these parts  
(the East Indies) use it every morning"—the popu-  
larity of Gun-powder and Bohea remained un-  
diminished; the rich luxuriated in them more than  
ever, and the poor would have the latter, whatever  
else they went without. So much, indeed, had the  
demand increased, that the French began to import  
it, and established a trade in this island, which was  
another thorn in the sides of the anti-tea-drinkers.  
At this period, Ranelagh was in the height of its  
vogue, and there, in the days of the "Gonnoisseur,"  
it was the fashion to resort on Sunday evenings,  
when, in deference to morality, the only amuse-  
ments were tea drinking and the card table!—  
Sharp's London Magazine.

**SCARCITY OF BOOKS IN THE DARK AGES.**  
In this age of steam printing presses and gen-  
eral education, we can scarcely conceive the great  
ness of the literary disadvantages under which the  
people labored who lived before the art of printing  
was invented, and especially in the dark ages. In  
his lives of the British historians, Mr. Lawrence  
says:  
"The libraries of Italy, were so totally ruined by  
the invasions of the barbarians, that the popes  
were often obliged to borrow books from Germany.  
In France they were so scantily supplied that, in  
the ninth century, the abbot of Ferriers sent to  
Pope Benedict III., to beg a copy of Cicero de  
Officiis, as there was none in all France. At the  
beginning of the tenth century, copies of the  
Bible were so rare in Spain, that one copy often  
served for several monasteries. It was a rule of  
the English monasteries, in 1072, that the librar-  
ians should deliver to each monk one book at the  
beginning of the year; and if at its close he had  
not read it, he was obliged to do penance. The  
bishop of Winchester's cathedral library consisted,  
in 1824, of seventeen books. This prelate bor-  
rowed from the convent of St. Swithin, a copy of  
the Bible, in two folio volumes, giving his bond for  
its safe return. The Bible had lately been be-  
queathed to the convent, and so valuable was the  
legacy, that a daily mass was said for the soul of  
the donor.  
Books, in those days, were the most costly of  
possessions, yet no price could in fact exceed their  
value, since they contained the genius of civiliza-  
tion and advancement. In those few manuscripts,  
so revered and valued, was shut up the great  
spirit of modern progress.  
But even had the simple monks beheld clearly  
all the vast results that were to flow from the in-  
fluence of books, they could not have looked upon  
them with more reverence than they did out of  
pure superstition, or for the sake of their rarity.—  
If any person gave a book to a holy house, he was  
thought to have deserved salvation. Formidable  
anathemas were pronounced against any one who  
should alienate or injure one of these costly pos-  
sessions. The sale of a book was attended with as  
many formalities as that of a vast estate. Persons  
of character and importance were invited to  
witness the transfer; and a formal record was  
made of the transaction. In 1225, Roger, dean of  
York, gave several Latin Bibles to Oxford, with a  
condition that the student who borrowed one of  
them should deposit a pledge for its safe return.—  
Oxford, the seat of English learning, possessed, in the  
fourteenth century, a library consisting of a few  
tracts chained to the wall, or kept in the chests  
of St. Mary's Church; and even so late as the six-  
teenth, it was ordered by the statute of St. Mary's  
College, that no student should use a book longer  
than an hour or two at most, so that all might  
profit by the scanty collection. In France, at the  
opening of the fourteenth century, the royal li-  
brary of Paris contained but four classics, one  
copy each of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan and Boethius.—  
American Eclogist.  
**LIFE AS IT IS.**  
Let us make an excursion down the street and  
see what we can learn. Yonder is the wreck of a  
man's son. He was permitted to grow up with  
out employment, went and came as he pleased,  
and spent his time in the gratification of spen-  
taneous passions, desires and inclinations, with-  
out one to check him, when his course was evil, or  
encourage him in the ways of wisdom. His father  
was rich, and for that reason the son thought  
he had nothing to do; no part in honest labor  
performed.  
Well, the father died, and the son inherited  
portion of his abundant wealth, and having not  
earned money by honest toil, he knew not the  
value of it, and having no knowledge of business,  
he knew not how to use it, so he gave loose to  
his appetites and passions, and ran at a rap-  
pace down the broad road to dissipation. He  
behold him—a broken down man, bowed with  
infirmary, a mere wreck of what he was, physi-  
cally and mentally. His money is gone, he  
lives on the charity of those whose hearts are  
open with pity. Such is the fate of hundreds  
are born to fortune.  
And there on the opposite side in that com-  
fortable mansion, lives the son of a poor cobler.  
Fifteen years ago he left the humble room of  
parents, and went forth into the broad world to  
seek his fortune. All his treasures consisted  
his chest of tools, a good knowledge of his un-  
honest principles, industrious habits, and three  
five coppers. Now he is the owner of that great  
mansion, is doing a thriving business, possesses  
unbroken constitution, and bids fair to live to  
good old age. Such is the lot of hundreds  
thousands who never boasted of wealthy parents.  
Go into the city, and you will almost invariably  
find that the most enterprising men are of pa-  
rentage—men who have had to row against  
wind and tide—while on the other hand a major-  
ity of the descendants of mediocrity in talents, live  
short time like drones on the labor of others, and  
then go down to untimely graves.  
What a lesson should this be to those who  
by all means, either by fair or foul, accumulate  
treasures for their children.  
If the rich would train up their children to regu-  
lar habits of industry, very many of them would  
be saved from intemperance, misery and an un-  
timely end.—York Republican.  
**A HEATED IMAGINATION.**—A newspaper pa-  
graph informs us of the fact—or we ought, per-  
haps to say the fiction, for we don't believe it—that  
man the other day committed suicide by swallowing  
a red-hot poker. We suspect this is a variation of  
the old story arising out of the old worn tale of  
biting an inch off that popular fire-iron in a  
red heat, a process that must be familiar to  
every nursery. A man must be very tired, indeed,  
of life, and especially hard up for the means of  
getting rid of his burden, before he could so wantonly  
deliberately eat the poker, after having first  
liberately heated it. We are quite satisfied that  
the article would have stuck in his throat, and  
given sufficient time for any one present to have  
seized the tongs and drawn the red-hot poker out  
before the unhappy suicide could have had time  
to swallow it. We are strongly inclined to  
believe, that if there has been any suicide in  
case, it has been by drink; and the constant  
ing down of grog of the very hottest and  
description has suggested a red-hot poker to  
imagination of the writer of the paragraph.  
We are satisfied that nobody has ever forced any-  
thing of the sort down his throat, and we confess our  
total inability to swallow it.—Punch.  
**HEART FURNITURE.**—No house, says Henry W.  
Beecher, is complete without two pieces of fur-  
ture—the cradle and the old arm chair. No  
is full that hath not in it a babe and a grand-  
father. Life becomes more radiant when  
its two extremes keep along with it. The two  
which watch the cradle and serve the chair are